



®

# SPAWN®

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**image** COMICS PRESENTS:

# "REFLECTIONS"

PART 1



story  
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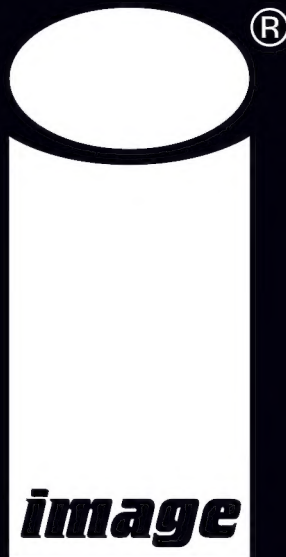
Dedicated to:  
**MAX GAINES**

FOR IMAGE COMICS

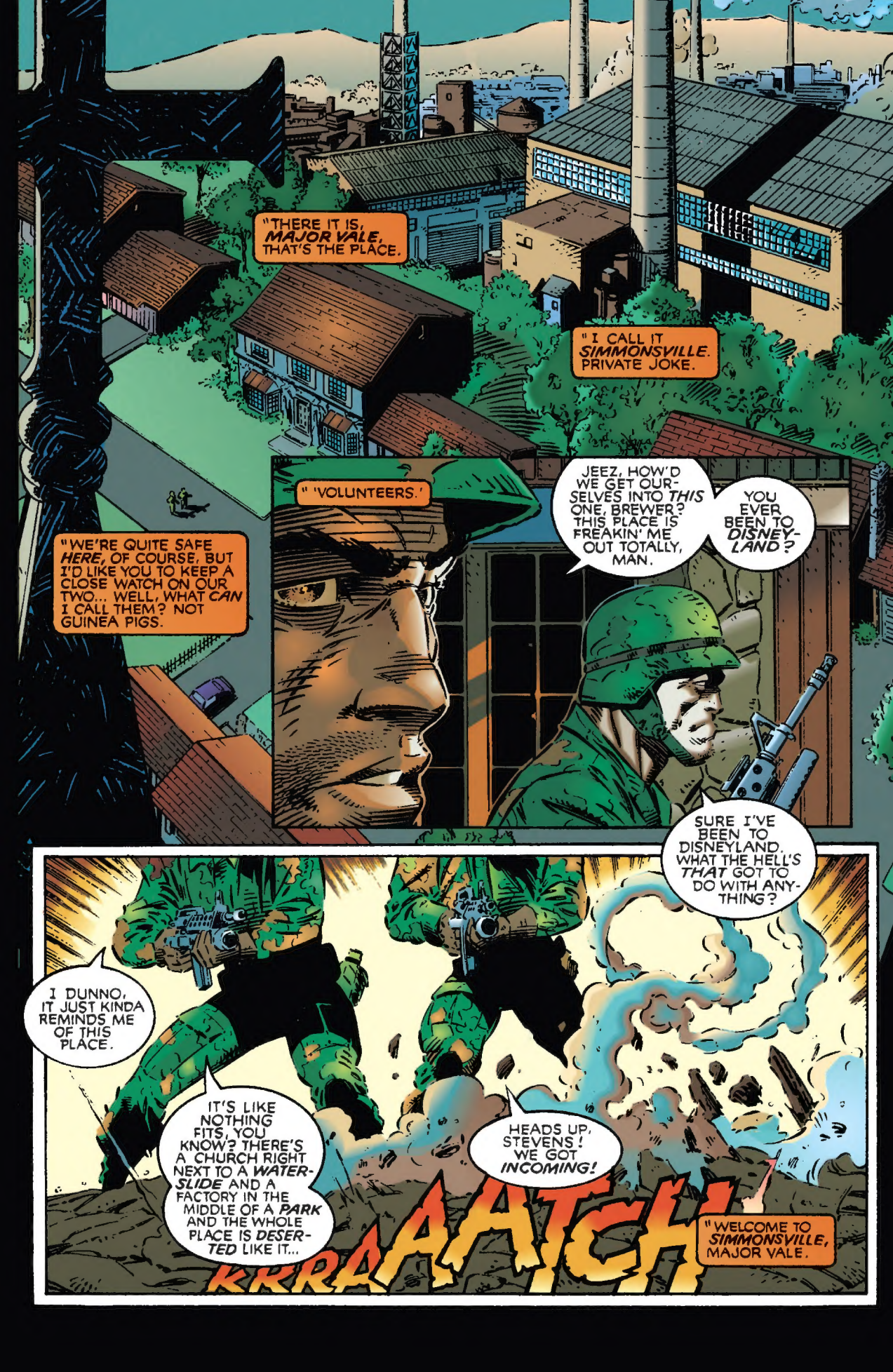
LARRY MARDER - exec. director    TONY LOBITO - publisher

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Graphics Coordinator: **JULIA SIMMONS.**







"THERE IT IS,  
**MAJOR VALE**,  
THAT'S THE PLACE.

"I CALL IT  
**SIMMONSVILLE**.  
PRIVATE JOKE.

"WE'RE QUITE SAFE  
HERE, OF COURSE, BUT  
I'D LIKE YOU TO KEEP A  
CLOSE WATCH ON OUR  
TWO... WELL, WHAT CAN  
I CALL THEM? NOT  
GUINEA PIGS.

"VOLUNTEERS."

JEEZ, HOW'D  
WE GET OUR-  
SELVES INTO THIS  
ONE, BREWER?  
THIS PLACE IS  
FREAKIN' ME  
OUT TOTALLY,  
MAN.

YOU  
EVER  
BEEN TO  
**DISNEY-  
LAND**?

SURE I'VE  
BEEN TO  
**DISNEYLAND**.  
WHAT THE HELL'S  
THAT GOT TO  
DO WITH ANY-  
THING?

I DUNNO,  
IT JUST KINDA  
REMINDS ME  
OF THIS  
PLACE.

IT'S LIKE  
NOTHING  
FITS, YOU  
KNOW? THERE'S  
A CHURCH RIGHT  
NEXT TO A **WATER-  
SLIDE** AND A  
FACTORY IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A **PARK**  
AND THE WHOLE  
PLACE IS DESER-  
TED LIKE IT...

HEADS UP,  
STEVENS!  
WE GOT  
**INCOMING!**

"WELCOME TO  
**SIMMONSVILLE**,  
**MAJOR VALE**.


**KKRAATCH!**



"OUR VERY OWN LITTLE  
PIECE OF HELL ON  
EARTH."







"IT HAPPENED  
JUST OVER FIVE  
YEARS AGO,  
MAJOR:

"... A ROUTINE UNDER-  
GROUND *A-BOMB* TEST  
HERE IN *NEVADA*  
OPENED A HOLE INTO  
WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS  
ANOTHER DIMENSION.

"WE'D STUMBLED ONTO A  
DOORWAY TO HELL.

"THAT OTHER  
DIMENSION TURNED  
OUT TO BE HELL,  
MAJOR VALE.

"WE SENT IN AN  
ARMED TASK  
FORCE AND THEY  
WERE NEVER SEEN  
AGAIN. LAST THING  
WE HEARD FROM  
THEM WAS A  
GARBLED RADIO  
MESSAGE ABOUT  
WATERFALLS OF  
BLOOD AND FOGS  
THAT DISSOLVED  
FLESH.

NO  
WAY!

NO  
FRIGGIN'  
WAY,  
MAN!

THIS  
AIN'T *REAL*,  
STEVENS.

IT'S GOTTA  
BE SOME KINDA  
HALLUCINATION.  
THEY'RE TESTING  
A *DRUG* ON US  
OR SOMETHING.  
IT CAN'T BE...

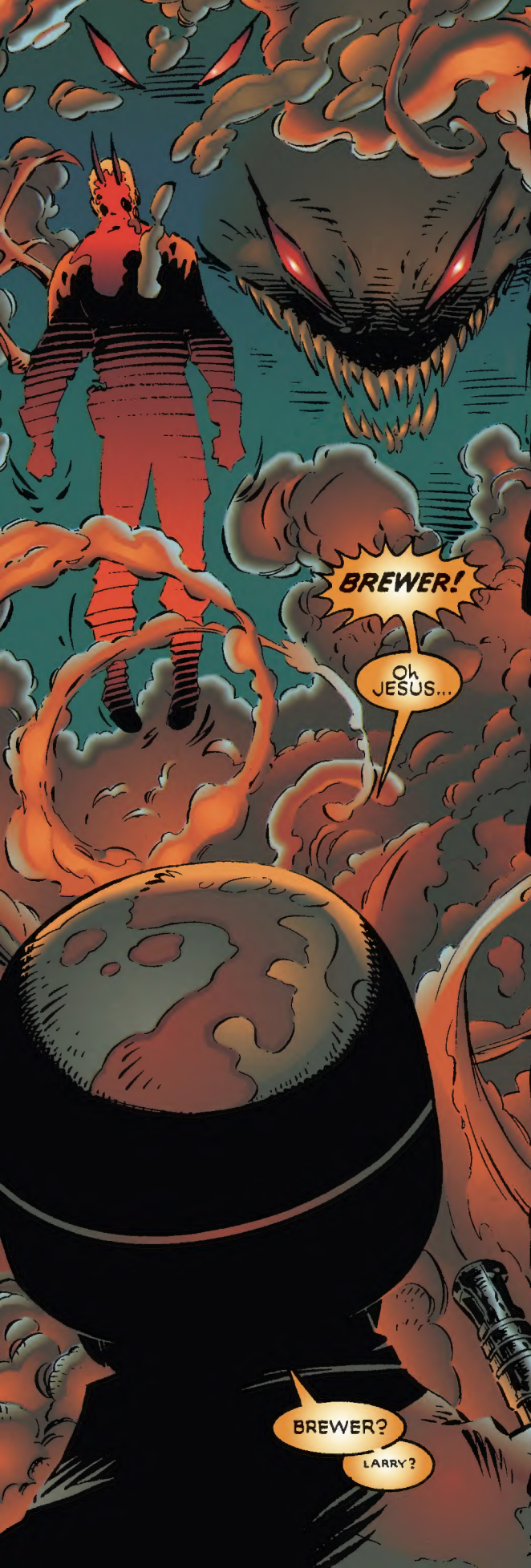
"ONE THING  
WE DID FIND  
OUT THOUGH,  
IS THAT HELL  
IS COMPOSED  
OF A SUB-  
STANCE WE  
CALL *PSYCHO-  
PLASM*.

"PSYCHOPLASM IS  
A MATERIAL OF A  
KIND *UNKNOWN*  
IN THE PHYSICAL  
WORLD. IT CHANGES  
IN RESPONSE TO  
MENTAL STATES.

"WHATEVER YOU'RE  
THINKING OF, WHATEVER  
YOU DESIRE OR FEAR,  
PSYCHOPLASM *BECOMES* THAT THING.

SKIUTCH





WHERE ARE YOU, LARRY?

WHERE ARE YOU?

**BRABRABRABRAK**

**BREWER!**

Oh JESUS...

**BOO!**

**YAAAA!**

**NOOOO!**

"JUST IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO THE U.S. MILITARY IF WE COULD GAIN CONTROL OF SUCH A SUBSTANCE, MAJOR VALE."

BREWER?

LARRY?

"WHICH BRINGS ME TO AL SIMMONS."



DON'T  
HURT  
ME.

PLEASE  
DON'T...  
I GOT A  
**WIFE...**  
PLEASE...

"SIMMONS WAS A GOOD  
MAN, ONE OF OUR BEST.  
GOD KNOWS, I TRAINED  
HIM MYSELF, TAUGHT HIM  
EVERYTHING I KNOW.  
BUT HE WENT SOFT. HE  
BECAME EXPENDABLE  
AND SO I MADE A **DEAL**."

"THERE ARE... **PRESENCES**  
IN HELL, MAJOR. I CONTACTED  
ONE OF THOSE PRESENCES AND  
MADE A DEAL WITH IT. I GAVE  
IT SIMMONS FOR ITS ARMY, IT  
GAVE ME **PSYCHOPLASM**."

GIMME  
A BREAK,  
SOLDIER.

"THE TOWN YOU'RE LOOKING  
AT, THE TOWN WHERE OUR TWO  
UNFORTUNATE VOLUNTEERS ARE  
CURRENTLY FACING THEIR WORST  
NIGHTMARES, IS COMPOSED  
**ENTIRELY** OF **PSYCHOPLASM**."

WILL YA  
QUIT WITH  
THE 'GOD'  
ALLA  
TIME?

YER MAKIN' ME  
**NAUSEOUS**.

STOP!  
PLEASE!

oh  
**GOD!**

**STOP!**

SHOW  
SOME SPINE,  
WHY DON'CHA?  
YOUR **BUDDY**  
SURE DID.  
**HEE HEE.**

**BADUMP**

"WHEN WE SENT  
SIMMONS TO HELL, WE  
STOLE HIS **MEMORIES**.  
THOSE MEMORIES,  
ACTING UPON RAW  
PSYCHOPLASM, CREATED  
**SIMMONSVILLE**-- A  
FAKE TOWN BUILT FROM  
THE JUMBLE OF ONE  
MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS."

"HOUSES THAT HE LIVED IN, THE SCHOOLS  
HE WENT TO, PLAYGROUNDS HE PLAYED  
IN, FACTORIES AND CHURCHES AND  
PARKS-- ALL RECREATED HERE IN THE  
DESERT, ABOVE THE DOORWAY TO HELL."

**NOOOO**

**BADUMP**



"THIS IS WHERE WE'VE BEEN CONDUCTING OUR RESEARCH, MAJOR. THIS IS WHAT I WANTED YOU TO SEE."

SLAM!

INTERESTED?

THAT'S THE CRAZIEST GODDAMN THING I EVER HEARD, MR. WYNN, BUT I CAN'T DENY WHAT I JUST SAW WITH MY OWN EYES.

THOSE THINGS WERE... DEMONS? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLIN' ME?

I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN TAKE THIS ON BOARD... I...

IT IS ALL A LITTLE OVERWHELMING, MAJOR VALE. I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT.

WHY NOT THINK THINGS OVER AND WE'LL TALK AGAIN IN AN HOUR OR TWO, WHEN I'VE COMPLETED MY DAILY WORKOUT.

HOW DOES THAT SOUND?





CUT TO  
NEW YORK CITY.

HIGH ABOVE A  
TWILIT MAZE OF  
DINGY, RAINSWEEP  
ALLEYWAYS, THE  
SPAWN BROODS.

ONCE I WAS AL  
SIMMONS BUT  
I GOT SHAFTED.  
SENT TO HELL.

I MADE A DEAL WITH  
THE DEVIL AND GOT  
SHAFTED ALL OVER  
AGAIN. STORY OF MY  
FRIGGIN' LIFE. AND  
DEATH. I GAVE HIM MY  
SOUL, HE GAVE ME A  
WHOLE MESS OF  
GRIEF AND PAIN.

QUESTIONS.


FOR EVERY ANSWER  
I GET, THERE ARE  
MORE QUESTIONS.

THINGS USED TO MAKE  
SENSE BUT NOW THEY'RE  
JUST GETTING CRAZIER:  
PLOTS, DEALS, HEAVEN AND  
HELL, ANGELS AND DEMONS  
RUNNING LOOSE ON THE  
STREETS OF NEW YORK.

AND ME. WHAT AM I?  
WHAT AM I REALLY?

AND NOW I'M SOME KIND  
OF UNDEAD FREAK WITH A  
FACE LIKE A STALE PIZZA AND A  
MEMORY THAT'S SHOT TO HELL.





I'M FINDING OUT MORE AND MORE EVERY DAY BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED OR WHAT I REALLY AM.

AL SIMMONS IS DEAD. CHAPEL PULLED THE TRIGGER BUT WHAT I HAVE TO KNOW IS WHO GAVE THE ORDER?

WHO SET ME UP?

WHO SENT ME TO HELL?

AND IF I'M DEAD, HOW COME I HAVE A BODY? SINCE WHEN DID DEAD GUYS GET TO HAVE BODIES?

AND IF I'M HERE, WHAT DID THEY BURY IN AL SIMMONS' GRAVE?





THERE'S ONLY  
ONE WAY TO  
FIND OUT.

I KNOW WHERE I  
HAVE TO GO EVEN  
THOUGH IT SCARES  
THE CRAP OUT OF ME.  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
I SHOULD HAVE DONE  
A LONG TIME AGO.

BUT FIRST I  
NEED TO LET  
OFF SOME  
STEAM.



MAYBE SPREAD A  
LITTLE OF THIS  
PAIN AROUND.

WELL, WHAT  
HAVE WE GOT  
HERE?

ONE MORE PIECE  
OF GARBAGE THAT  
DIDN'T GET SWEEPED AWAY.  
I DUNNO WHAT THIS  
CITY'S COMIN' TO,  
I REALLY DON'T.

BACK  
OFF,  
GUYS.

I DON'T  
REALLY  
THINK  
YOU WANT  
TO DO  
THIS...




Oh YEAH.  
WELL, I DON'T  
GIVE A FLYIN'  
FART *WHAT*  
YOU THINK,  
SCUMBAG.

WE'RE JUST  
A COUPLE OF  
CONCERNED CITIZENS  
TRYIN' TO DO SOMETHIN'  
ABOUT THE *HOMELESS*  
PROBLEM. WE CALL IT  
THE '*BURN A BUM*'  
SCHEME, DON'T  
WE BERNIE?

'BURN  
A BUM.'  
HUR HUR  
HUR

GASOLINE





SO GET  
READY TO  
BURN IN  
HELL,  
'CAUSE...

THEN  
LET'S  
TALK.

HELL?

Uh?

JEEZ! IT'S  
THAT  
GUY! THE  
SPAWN  
GUY! THE  
SPOOK!

YOU  
REALLY  
WANT TO  
TALK ABOUT  
**HELL,**  
BUD?

BLOW HIM  
AWAY,  
BERNIE!

YOU  
HEARD  
HIM, BERNIE.  
GO AHEAD.

BLOW  
ME  
AWAY.

MY  
HAND?

...YOU'RE...  
ah.



LOOKS LIKE BERNIE'S TOO BUSY RIGHT NOW.

YOU WANT TO TAKE A SHOT?

SCUM!

JESUS, GIMME A BREAK. WE WEREN'T GONNA TORCH THE GUY. IT WAS JUST A JOKE...

IT'S NOT FAIR... USIN' POWERS AGAINST NORMAL GUYS...

YOU THINK I NEED POWERS TO DEAL WITH SCUM LIKE YOU?

DO YOU?

NNNNNGGG

... MY HAND...

NNNN

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DO YOU?

NNNNNGGG

... MY HAND...

NNNN





SORRY  
ABOUT THAT.  
GUESS I WAS  
JUST FEELING  
PISSED.

GUESS  
YOU  
WERE.

I KNOW  
IT'S HARD  
'ROUND HERE  
BUT TRY TO KEEP  
OUT OF TROUBLE.

AND IF ANYONE  
COMES LOOKING FOR ME,  
TELL THEM I'VE GONE TO  
DIG UP AN OLD  
FRIEND.

SURE I WILL,  
HELLSPAWN.

SURE  
I WILL.



NOT FAR AWAY,  
IN MIDTOWN  
MANHATTAN,  
IN A MIRROR-  
WALLED  
BUILDING WITH  
NO NAME AND  
NO NUMBER...

...I WOULD  
NEVER  
QUESTION A  
DIRECT ORDER,  
NO, BUT ISN'T  
THIS A LITTLE  
...WELL,  
...DRASTIC?

I'VE DONE  
MY BEST TO  
RUN TERRAN  
AFFAIRS  
QUIETLY AND  
WITHOUT...

WELL,  
IF WE'VE HAD  
TO WITHDRAW  
OUR DIPLOMATIC  
ENVOY FROM HELL  
THE PROBLEM IS  
SERIOUS, YES.  
YES, I UNDER-  
STAND.

RIGHT  
AWAY...  
YES.

PROBLEMS,  
GABRIELLE?

NEW  
ORDERS FROM  
UPSTAIRS.  
REMEMBER THE  
EARTHBOUND HELL-  
SPAWN WHO  
DEFEATED  
*ANGELA*  
RECENTLY?


WELL,  
APPARENTLY  
THIS SPAWN IS  
*SPECIAL* AND  
*SPECIAL* MEANS  
*DANGEROUS*. WE'VE  
BEEN EMPOWERED TO  
CREATE OUR OWN  
SOLDIER TO  
DESTROY THE  
CREATURE.

THE BALANCE  
OF POWER MUST BE  
*SERIOUSLY* COMPROMI-  
SED IF *CONTROL*'S  
PREPARED TO INTERVENE  
SO DIRECTLY IN THE  
AFFAIRS OF THE EARTHLY  
PLANE.

LET'S  
JUST HOPE  
OUR ORBITAL  
ANGEL STATION  
IS UP AND  
RUNNING,  
*MICHAELA*.

WE  
HAVE  
WORK  
TO DO.





...THAT'S  
THE SITUATION  
AS IT STANDS. WE  
HAVE FULL AUTHORITY  
TO EMPOWER A  
HUMAN AGENT TO  
DESTROY THE  
HELLSPAWN.

IS THE  
STATION  
READY?

OF COURSE.  
IT WAS A SIMPLE  
MATTER TO HOLLOW  
OUT THE BODIES OF THE  
HUMANS HERE AND  
INSTALL OUR OWN  
ESSENCES WITH-  
IN THEM.

THIS STATION  
IS NOW FULLY  
OPERATIONAL,  
GABRIELLE.

WE WILL  
BEGIN THE  
PROCEDURE  
IMMEDIATELY.

I WILL  
CONTACT THE  
AVENGING ANGEL  
OF THE FIFTH HEAVEN  
AND ARRANGE FOR  
THE TRANSFER OF  
THE ELEMENTAL  
FIRE.

YOUR  
SOLDIER WILL  
BE FULLY  
EMPOWERED AND  
READY FOR COMBAT  
BEFORE SUNRISE  
YOUR TIME.

A  
SOLDIER?

FEARFUL  
TIMES ARE  
UPON US, IT  
SEEMS.

WHAT  
KIND OF HUMAN  
HAS THE STRENGTH  
TO BEAR THE  
ELEMENTAL  
FIRE?

THE  
SUBJECT HAS  
ALREADY BEEN  
SELECTED.

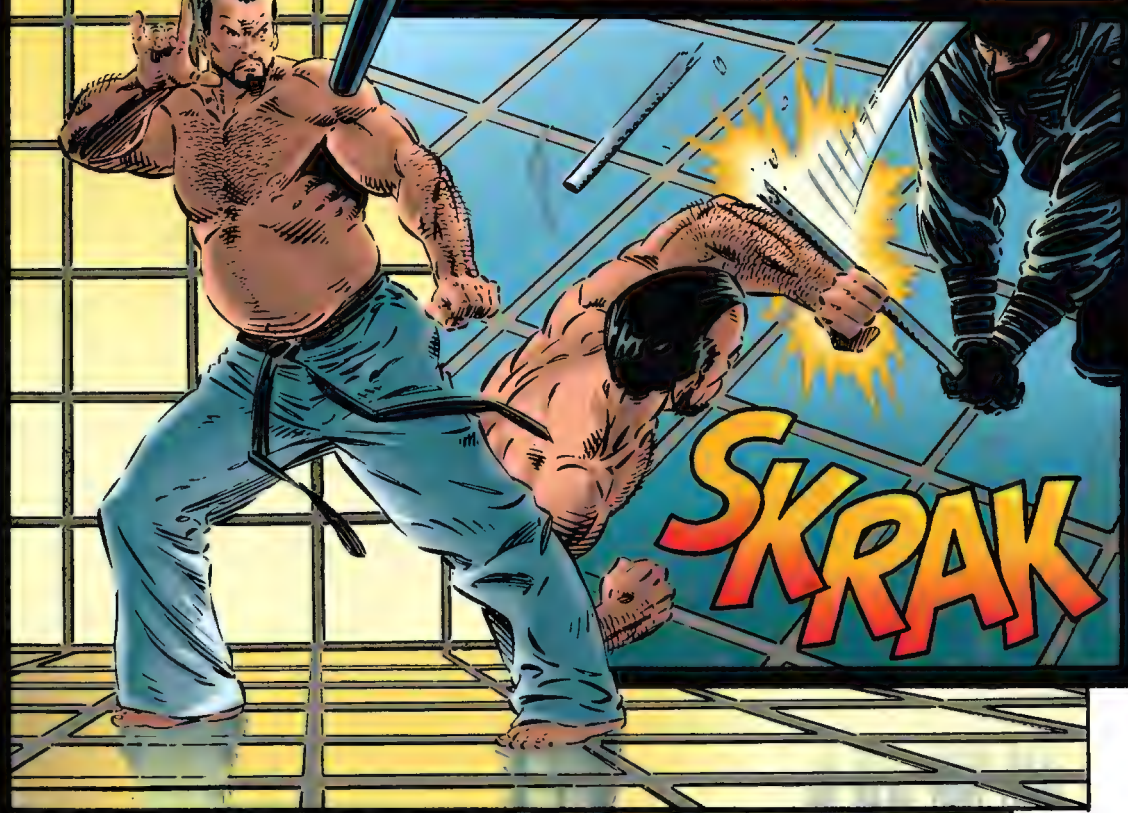
I'M  
BRINGING  
HIM UP  
NOW.



READY  
WHEN  
YOU ARE,  
GENTLE-  
MEN.



WOK



SKRAK



CHO!

GHUNT!!

WHAT-  
EVER THEY'RE  
PAYING YOU  
GENTLEMEN,  
IT'S TOO  
MUCH.

YOU  
FIGHT LIKE  
LITTLE GIRLS.  
IF I WAS AN  
ENEMY  
YOU'D BE  
DEAD  
MEAT.

AS IT  
IS, YOU'RE  
OUT OF A  
JOB.

ACTIVATING  
TRANSFERENCE.

FIRE  
THOSE  
EXCUSES FOR  
SOLDIERS IN  
THERE AND  
TELL MAJOR  
VALE I'LL BE  
WITH HIM  
IN...

...MY  
GOD...

SIR...  
?







...MY  
GOD...

HOW  
DID I GET  
HERE?

WHO THE  
HELL ARE YOU  
PEOPLE? ARE  
YOU HIS  
PEOPLE?

ANSWER  
ME, DAMN  
YOU!

WE DO NOT  
SERVE THE  
MALEBOLGIA.

WE ARE THE  
SERVANTS  
OF A... HIGHER  
POWER.

AS WILL  
YOU BE  
WHEN OUR  
WORK IS  
DONE.




NO,  
WAIT!  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHO  
I AM!  
I...




IT'S  
BURNING!  
GOD HELP  
ME, IT'S  
BURNING!





THIS IS THE PLACE.

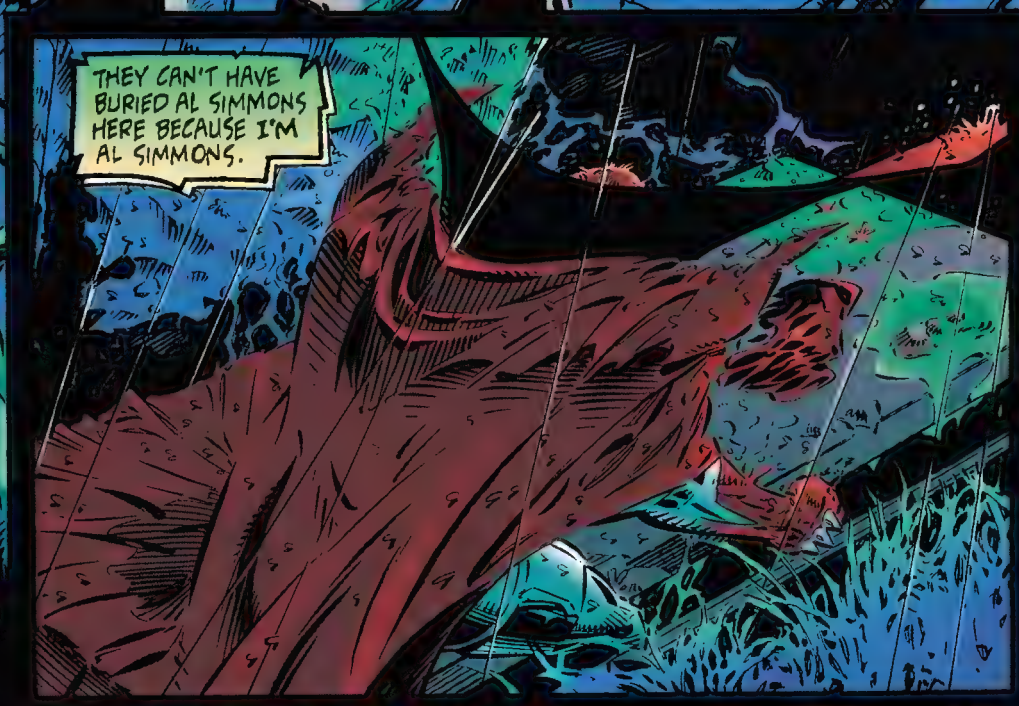
THIS IS WHERE THEY BURIED ME.



WHAT AM I SO SCARED OF?

THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING IN HERE.

THERE CAN'T BE.



THEY CAN'T HAVE BURIED AL SIMMONS HERE BECAUSE I'M AL SIMMONS.



I'LL PULL BACK  
THE LID OF THIS  
GODDAMN COFFIN  
AND I'LL LOOK IN  
AND I'LL SEE...

No.

**NO!**

THE SMELL! LIKE  
SOME SICK, ANCIENT  
THING BREATHING IN  
MY FACE... FILTHY...  
ROTTEN...

IT'S ME.  
DEAR GOD  
IN HEAVEN,  
IT'S MY  
BODY.

AND IF THIS...  
THIS THING IS ALL  
THAT'S LEFT OF  
AL SIMMONS...

WHAT  
AM I?  
GOD HELP  
ME...

**WHAT  
AM I?**

**WHAT  
HAVE YOU DONE  
TO ME?**





OUR WORK IS ACCOMPLISHED.

...HURTS...  
IT HURTS...

...WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE TO  
ME?...

...AAHHH...

YOU ARE  
OUR CREATURE  
NOW. WE HAVE MADE  
YOU STRONG AND  
TERRIBLE SO THAT YOU  
MAY GO BACK AND  
DESTROY THE  
HELLSPAWN.

THE  
ELEMENTAL FIRE  
OF HEAVEN BURNS  
WITHIN YOU NOW. YOU  
ARE NO LONGER  
LIVING, NO LONGER  
HUMAN.

RISE UP!  
BE BORN  
AGAIN!  
SOLDIER OF  
THE LIGHT!





# ANTI-SPAWN!

AAAAHHH



N E X T  
**MALEBOIGIA**  
IS THE DEVIL!





Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE